

Liturgies &c.
3408. *200/*
2
AN
ABRIDGMENT
OF THE
NEW VERSION
OF THE
PSALMS,
FOR THE

USE of CHARLOTTE-STREET and BED-
FORD CHAPELS:

With proper TUNES adapted to each PSALM;

COMPOSED BY

Mr. ALISON	Dr. GIBBONS
Dr. BOWLAND	Dr. HOWARD
Dr. CROFTS	Mr. HANDEL
Mr. CORTIVILE	Mr. KIRBY
Mr. CAREY	Dr. NARES
Mr. JER. CLARK	Mr. RAVENSCROFT
Mr. DUPUIS	Mr. WM. WHEALE.

AND OTHER EMINENT MASTERS.

With BASES properly figured for the ORGAN and
HARPSICHORD.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A MORNING and EVENING HYMN,

AND

PROPER HYMNS for FESTIVALS.

Recommended to all Churches and Chapels where
the New Version of Psalms is used.

Published and Sold by THOMAS JOHNSON, Clerk of the
above Chapels; and may be had of the Pew-openers.



P R E F A C E

T O T H E

P S A L M S.

THAT the Psalms of David abound with Praises, Thanksgivings, and many pious Ejaculations, beautifully adapted to elevate the Heart of the devout Christian, cannot be denied; yet as being compos'd for particular Circumstances, tho' excellent in themselves, it may be allow'd that many Parts of them are rendered very unfit for public Worship, which should be calculated to suit the state of every sincere Christian, who is willing to lift up his Voice in Praise of his Creator.

As it ought to be the Desire, and constant Endeavour of every Clerk to a Church or Chapel, that this essential Part of our Church Service be perform'd with Decency and good Order, and, as St. Paul observes, *with the understanding also*; I have thought it my Duty, not only to collect such Portions of the Psalms as may answer the afore-mentioned Purposes; but also (by the Assistance of my Friend Mr. Dupuis) to adapt such Tunes to them, as, when sung with Spirit and Judgment will, I hope, give entire satisfaction to all who have a real Taste for Psalmody: And I think I may venture to affirm, that if the Congregations of our Establish'd Church

were as industrious to become Proficients in this respect, as our modern Sectaries are, our mode of singing would be equally perfect and harmonious, and more solemn and suitable for Divine Worship than theirs. To accomplish this, I would recommend it to all Persons (especially the Female part of our Congregations), who play on the Harpsichord, or any other Musical Instrument, to practise these Tunes, that they may effectually join in singing, in the course of Divine Service: For which Purpose, I have taken care to have proper Bases affix'd and figur'd to each Tune. This, if properly attended to, would greatly enliven this delightful Part of our Duty in praising our Redeemer; and contribute to answer the pious Intention of the Royal Psalmist; who concludes his admirable Lessons, with an Invitation unto "every living Creature that hath Breath, to praise the Lord."

It will, no doubt, be objected by Persons who do not understand Music, that the Notes can be of no Use to them: To obviate which, I humbly beg Leave to observe, that such Part of the Congregation as hath a little Knowledge of the Tunes, will find the Notes of real Service, in enabling them to follow others, who sing the Tunes true; and prove a much stronger Guide to the rest, who, with a little Diligence and Attention to the Organ, will soon be convinced, that the Notes are of Service to all.

This

P R E F A C E.

This Book is published in its present Form, at the Request of several in these Congregations, who have expressed a Desire, that some Tunes of modern Date might be added to those we have hitherto made Use of,—tho' many prefer the latter: I have, therefore, endeavoured to give Satisfaction to all; having introduced select Tunes, composed by the most eminent Authors, of both Sorts; and intend to use them (alternately) to the Praise and Glory of that God, who hath promis'd, that if we “make his Service our Delight, he will make our Wants his Care.”

To this End, I humbly offer the following ABRIDGMENT, with my sincere Wishes that it may prove acceptable and beneficial to all who may use it:

And am, with due Respect,

Their dutiful and obliged

humble Servant,

Charlotte-Sreet,
Bloomsbury.
Sept. 29th, 1777.

THO. JOHNSON.

C O N T E N T S.

A.			
	Pſalm. pts.	Tune.	page
A Pproach the piously	34 3	St. David	12
As pants the heart	42	Oxford	14
B.			
But what frail man.	19 3	Whitton	6
But what return	116	St. David	30
Bless God ye servants	134	Charlotte	34
E.			
Erect your heads	24 2	St. Magnus	9
F.			
For thee O God	65	Savoy	16
From lowest depths	130	Bridget	34
G.			
God's perfect law	19 2	London new	6
God by his own	118	Huddersfield	31
H.			
How blest is he	1	Crowle	1
Happy the man	41	Crowle	14
Have mercy Lord	51	New York	15
How good and pleasant	92	Bedford	22
How blest are they	119	Bedford	32
I.			
I'll strive each	16	St. David	4
In thee I put	71	St. Nicholas	17
Jehovah reigns	99	St. David	24
L.			
Lord hear the voice	5	Windſor	2
Lord who's the happy	16	Burford	4
Let all the just	33	Mathews	10
Let all the land	66	Mathews	16
Lord hear my pray'r	143	Windſor	39
M.			
My shepherd is	23	Fondling	8
N.			
No change of times	18	Brompton	5
			O God

O G
O m
O L
O L
O L
O L
O co
O fi
O re
O re
O G
O I
O p
O co
O p
O p
O p
O p
Prai
Sing
Tho
The
To
The
The
The
To
Thr
The
Thy
To
The
To

CONTENTS.

vii

O.

	Pfalm. pts.	Tune.	page
O God to whom	8	St. Mary	3
O magnify the Lord	34 2	Burford	12
O Lord thy mercy	36	Pimlico	13
O Lord of hosts	84	Westonfavel	19
O Lord the mighty	84 2	St. Ann's	19
O Lord the Saviour	90	Huddersfield	21
O come loud anthems	95	Hammersmith	22
O sing a new song	98	Hanover	23
O render thanks and	105	Oxford	26
O render thanks to	106	Angel Song	27
O God my heart	108	Oxford	27
O Israel make	115	Burford	30
O praise the Lord	131	Proper 81st	35
O could I so	139 2	Brompton	39
O praise the Lord and	146	Stroudwater	40
O praise the Lord with	147	St. David	41
O praise the Lord	149	Hanover	43
O praise the Lord in	150	Hammerfsmith	44
	P.		
Praise ye the Lord	111	Islington	28
	S.		
Sing to the Lord	98	Burford	24
	T.		
Thou Lord art my	3	Oxford	1
The place of	4	St. Ann's	2
To celebrate	9	Braintree	3
The Heavens declare	19	St. James	5
The Lord himself	23	Westm. New	8
The spacious earth	24	Bedford	9
To God in whom	33	London	11
Thro' all vicissitudes	34	Whitton	11
The Lord from Heaven	34 4	Burford	13
Thy splendid throne	45	St. Magnus	15
To blefs thy chosen	67	New York	17
The mem'ry of	72	Bedford	81
To God our never	81	Proper	18
		To	

	T.		
	Pfalm. pts.	Tune.	page
To my complaint	86	Chatlotte	20
To my repeated	86 2	Stroudwater	20
Teach me thy way	86 3	St. Barnabas	21
Thou for a moment	104	Angel song	26
That man is blest	112	Brompton	28
Thou strictly hast	119 2	St. Magnus	32
To Sion's hill	121	Westm. New	33
To God the mighty	136	Proper 148	36
Thou Lord, by strictest	139	Rochford	38
To thee, O Lord	141	St. Ann's	39
Thee I'll extol	145	London New	40
The Lord who	146 2	Burford	41
	W.		
Whom should I	27	Braintree	10
With one consent	120	Savoy	25
When I pour out	102	York	25
With chearful notes	117	Barnabas	31
Who place on Sion	125	St. James	33
With my whole heart	138	Westonfavel	27
	Y.		
Ye worshipers	22	Mathew	7
Ye saints and servants	113	Yarmouth	29
Ye boundless Realms	148	Proper	42

H Y M N S.

Awake my soul	Proper	49
All praise to thee	Proper	51
Betimes on that auspicious,	Yarmouth	48
Christ from the dead	St. Ann's	46
Gloria Patri	Easter Hymn	52
Jesus Christ is risen	Proper	46
Since Christ our Passover	St. Mathew	45
Veni Creator	Westonfavel	47

16 JY 62

E R R A T A.

Pf. 105, p. 26, read Pf. 104, (Thou for a moment).
 Pl. 134, p. 34, read Pf. 130, (From lowest Depth's).

P S A L M I.

HOW blest is he who ne'er consents
 By ill advice to walk;
 Nor stands in sinners ways, nor sits
 Where men profanely talk:
 But makes the perfect law of God,
 His business and delight;
 Devoutly reads therein by day,
 And meditates by night.

Like some fair tree, which fed by streams,
 With timely fruit does bend,
 He still shall flourish, and success
 All his designs attend.
 Ungodly men, and their attempts
 No lasting root shall find;
 Untimely blasted and dispers'd
 Like chaff before the wind.

P S A L M III. (*For the Morning.*)

THOU, Lord, art my secure defence,
 On thee my hopes rely;
 Thou art my glory, and my help,
 When any evil's nigh.

Guarded by thee, I laid me down,
 My sweet repose to take;
 For I thro' him securely sleep,
 Thro' him in safety wake.

Salvation to the Lord belongs,
 He only can defend:
 His blessings he extends to all
 Who on his name depend.

B

Salvation

P S A L M V.

P S A L M IV.

THE place of other sacrifice
Let righteousness supply;
And let your hope securely fixt,
On Heav'n alone rely.

While worldly minds impatient grow
More prosp'rous times to see,
O let the glories of thy face
Shine brightly, Lord, on me.

Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
And take my needful rest;
No other guard, O Lord, I crave,
Of thy defence possess.

P S A L M V. (*For the Morning.*)

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint;
Accept my secret pray'r:
To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear:
And with the dawning day,
To thee, devoutly, I'll look up,
To thee, devoutly pray.

For thou the wrongs the just sustain,
Can'st never, Lord, approve,
Who from thy sacred dwelling place,
All evil dost remove:

Not long shall wicked men remain
Unpunished in thy view;
All such as act unrighteous things,
Thy vengeance shall pursue.

P S A L M

P S A L M IX.

3

P S A L M VIII.

O GOD, to whom all Creatures bow,
 Within this earthly Frame;
 Through all the world how great art thou!
 How glorious is thy Name!
 In Heav'n thy wond'rous Acts are sung,
 Nor fully reckon'd there;
 And yet thou mak'st the infant Tongue
 Thy boundless Praise declare.
 When e'er thy beauteous Works on high
 Employ our wond'ring Sight,
 The Moon, that nightly rules the Sky,
 With Stars of feebler Light;
 What's Man, say we, that, Lord, thou lov'st
 To keep him in thy Mind?
 Or what his Offspring, that thou prov'st
 To them so wond'rous kind?

P S A L M IX.

TO celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
 We will our hearts prepare,
 To all the list'ning world thy works,
 Thy wond'rous works declare.
 The thoughts of them shall to our soul
 Exalted pleasure bring,
 Whilst to thy name, O thou most high,
 Triumphant praise we sing.
 Thou shalt for ever live, who hath
 A righteous throne prepar'd,
 Impartial justice to dispense,
 To punish or reward.

B 2

P S A L M

P S A L M XV.

LORD, who's the happy Man that may
To thy blest Courts repair;
Not, Stranger-like, to visit them,
But to inhabit there?

'Tis he, whose plighted Vows and Trust
Has ever firmly stood;
And tho' he promise to his Loss,
He makes his Promise good.

Whose Soul in Usury disdains
His Treasure to employ;
Whom no Rewards can ever bribe
The Guiltless to destroy.

The Man, who by this steady Course
Has Happiness insur'd,
When Earth's Foundation shakes, shall stand,
By Providence secur'd.

P S A L M XVI.

I'LL strive my actions to approve
To his all-seeing eye:
No danger shall my hopes remove,
While my Redeemer's nigh.

Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice;
My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise,
Wak'd by his powerful voice.

Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
My soul from Hell shalt free,
Who did not let thy Holy One
In death, corruption see.

P S A L M

P S A L M XVIII.

NO change of times shall ever shock
 My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
 For thou hast always been a rock,
 A fortress, and defence to me.

Thou my deliv'rer art, my God;
 My trust is in thy mighty pow'r;
 Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
 At home my safeguard, and my tow'r,
 Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous ways,
 To various paths of human kind;
 Those who for mercy merit praise,
 With thee shall wond'rous mercy find.

P S A L M XIX.

THE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,
 Which that alone can fill;
 The Firmament and stars express
 Their great Creator's Skill.

The Dawn of each returning Day
 Fresh beams of Knowledge brings;
 And from the dark Returns of Night
 Divine Instruction springs.

Their pow'iful Language to no Realm
 Or Region is confin'd;
 'Tis Nature's Voice, and understood
 Alike by all Mankind.

Their Doctrine does its sacred Sense
 Thro' Earth's Extent display;
 Whose bright Contents the circling Sun
 Does round the World convey.

P S A L M XIX. PART. II.

GOD's perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires;
With sacred wisdom his sure word
The ignorant inspires.

The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight;
His pure commands in search of truth,
Assist the feeblest fight.

His perfect worship here is fix'd,
On sure foundations laid:
His equal laws are in the scales,
Of truth and justice weigh'd.

P S A L M XIX. PART III.

BUT what frail man observes how oft
He does from virtue fall?
O cleanse me from my secret faults,
Thou God, that know'st them all!

Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me;
That by thy grace preserv'd I may
The great transgression flee.

So shall my pray'r and praises be
With thy acceptance blest;
And I, secure on thy defence,
My strength and Saviour, rest.

P S A L M XXII.

YE worshippers of Jacob's God,
All ye of Isr'els line,
O praise the Lord, and to your praise
Sincere obedience join.

He ne'er disdain'd on low distress
To cast a gracious eye,
Nor turn'd from poverty his face,
But hears its humble cry.

'Tis his supreme prerogative
O'er subject Kings to reign,
'Tis just that he should rule the world,
Who does the world sustain.

The rich who are with plenty fed
His bounty must confess;
The sons of want by him reliev'd,
Their gen'rous patron bless.

With humble worship to his throne,
They all for aid resort:
That pow'r which first their beings gave,
Can only them support.

O may a chosen spotless race,
Devoted to his name,
To their admiring heirs his truth
And glorious acts proclaim.

P S A L M XXIII.

THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide:

The shepherd by whose constant care,
My wants are all supply'd.

In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose:

Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

He does my wandr'ing soul reclaim,
And to his endless praise,

Instruct with humble zeal to walk,
In his most righteous ways.

P S A L M XXIII.

MY Shepherd is the living Lord,
Nothing therefore I need;
In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,
He setteth me to feed.

He shall convert and glad my soul,
And bring my mind in frame,
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For his most holy name.

Yea, though I walk in vale of death,
Yet will I fear no ill;

Thy rod and staff do comfort me,
And thou art with me still.

Through all my life thy favour is
So frankly shew'd to me,
That in thy house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.

P S A L M XXIV.

THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
 The Lord her fulness is;
 The world, and they that dwell therein
 By sov'reign right are his.

He fram'd and fix'd it on the seas;
 And his Almighty hand,
 Upon inconstant floods has made
 The stable fabrick stand.

But for himself this Lord of all
 One chosen seat design'd:
 O! who shall to that sacred hill
 Deserv'd admittance find?

P S A L M XXIV. PART II.

ERECT your heads, eternal gates
 Unfold, to entertain
 The king of glory—see he comes
 With his celestial train.

Who is the King of Glory? who?
 The Lord for strength renown'd,
 In battle mighty; o'er his foes,
 Eternal victor crown'd.

Erect your heads, ye gates, unfold,
 In state to entertain
 The King of Glory—see he comes,
 With all his shining train.

Who is the King of Glory? who?
 The Lord of hosts renown'd:
 Of glory he alone is King
 Who is with glory crown'd.

P S A L M XXVII.

WHOM should I fear, since God to me,
 Is saving health and light?
 Since strongly he my life supports,
 What can my soul affright?
 Henceforth within this house to dwell,
 I earnestly desire,
 His wond'rous beauty there to view,
 And his blest will enquire.
 For there may I with comfort rest,
 In time of deep distress;
 And safe as on a rock abide,
 In that secure recess.

P S A L M XXXIII.

LET all the just to God with joy,
 Their chearful voices raise:
 For well the righteous it becomes,
 To sing glad songs of praise.
 Let harps and psalteries and lutes,
 In joyful concert meet;
 And new made songs of loud applause,
 The harmony compleat.
 For faithful is the Word of God,
 His works with truth abound,
 He justice loves, and all the earth
 Is with his goodness crown'd.
 By his Almighty word at first,
 Heav'ns glorious arch was rear'd,
 And all the beauteous hosts of light,
 At his command appear'd.

P S A L M

P S A L M XXXIV.

11

P S A L M XXXIII. *Three last Verses.*

'TIS God, who those that trust in him
Beholds with gracious eyes,
He frees their soul from death, their wants
In time of dearth supplies.
Our soul on God with patience waits,
Our help and shield is he;
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
For we confide in thee.
The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
Do thou to us extend,
Since we for all we want or wish
On thee alone depend.

P S A L M XXXIV.

THRO' all vicissitudes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

P S A L M XXXIV. PART II.

O! magnify the Lord with us,
 With us exalt his Name;
 When in Distress to him we call'd,
 He to our Rescue came.

O! make but Trial of his Love,
 Experience will decide
 How blest they are, and only they,
 Who in his Truth confide.

Fear him, ye Saints; and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear:
 Make you his Service your Delight,
 Your Wants shall be his Care.

P S A L M XXXIV. PART III.

APPROACH, ye piously dispos'd,
 And my instruction hear,
 I'll teach you the true discipline,
 Of his religious fear.

Let him who length of life desires,
 And prosp'rous would see.
 From stand'ring language keep his tongue,
 His lips from falshood free.

The crooked paths of vice decline,
 And virtue's ways pursue;
 Establish Peace where 'tis begun,
 And where 'tis lost renew.

P S A L M

P S A L M XXXIV. PART IV.

(To Burford Tune, in Page 12).

THE Lord from heav'n beholds the just,
 With favourable eyes;
 And when distress'd, his gracious ears,
 Is open to their cries.

But turns his wrathful look on those,
 Whom mercy can't reclaim,
 To cut them off, and from the earth,
 Blot out their hated name.

Deliv'rance to his saints he gives,
 When his relief they crave;
 He's nigh to heal the broken heart,
 And contrite spirit save.

P S A L M XXXVI.

O Lord, thy Mercy, our sure Hope,
 Above the heav'nly Orb ascends;
 Thy sacred Truth's unmeasur'd Scope
 Beyond the spreading Sky extends:

Thy Justice like the Hills remains,
 Unfathom'd Depths thy Judgments are;
 Thy Providence the World sustains;
 The whole Creation is thy Care.

Since of thy Goodness all partake,
 With what assurance should the Just
 Thy shelt'ring Wings their Refuge make,
 And Saints to thy Protection trust.

With thee the Springs of Life remain;
 Thy Presence is eternal Day;

O! let thy Saints thy Favour gain!

To upright Hearts thy Truth display.

P S A L M

14 GLORIA PATRIA.

P S A L M XLI.

HAPPY the man whose tender care,
Relieves the poor distressed,
When he's by troubles compass'd round,
The Lord shall give him rest.

The Lord his life with blessings crown'd,
In safety shall prolong;
And disappoint the will of those,
That seek to do him wrong.

If he in languishing estate,
Opprest with sickness lie,
The Lord will easy make his bed,
And inward strength supply.

Secure of this, to thee, my God,
I thus my pray'r address'd;
Lord, for thy mercy, heal my soul,
Tho' I have much transgress'd;

P S A L M XLII.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chace,
So longs my soul, O God for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

GLORIA PATRI. *Common Metre.*

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore;
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

P S A L M

P S A L M XLV.

THY splendid throne, O Christ! is fix'd,
 For ever to endure,
 Thy sceptre's sway shall always last,
 By righteous laws secure.

Because thy heart, by justice led,
 Did upright ways approve;
 And hated still the crooked paths,
 Where wand'ring sinners rove.

Therefore did God, thy God, on thee,
 The oil of gladness shed;
 And has above thy fellows round,
 Advanc'd thy lofty head.

P S A L M LI.

HAVE mercy Lord on me,
 As thou wert ever kind:
 Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
 Thy wonted mercy find.

Wash off my foul offence,
 And cleanse me from my sin;
 For I confess my crime, and see
 How great my guilt has been.

Against thee only, Lord,
 And only in thy sight
 Have I transgress'd, and tho' condemn'd,
 Must own thy judgments right.

P S A L M

P S A L M LXV. PART. I.

(Tune of the C. PSALM, in Page 25).

FOR thee, O God, our constant praise,
 In Sion waits, thy chosen seat;
 Our promis'd altars, there we'll raise,
 And all our zealous vows compleat.

O thou who to my humble pray'r,
 Didst always bend thy list'ning ear,
 To thee shall all mankind repair,
 And at thy gracious throne appear.

Our sins (tho' numberless) in vain
 To stop thy flowing mercy try;
 Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
 And washest out the crimson dye.

P S A L M LXVI.

LET all the land with shouts of joy,
 To God their voices raise;
 Sing psalms in honour of his name,
 And spread his glorious praise.

And let them say, how dreadful, Lord,
 In all thy works art thou:
 To thy great pow'r, thy stubborn foes,
 Shall all be forc'd to bow.

Thro' all the earth the nations round,
 Shall thee their God confess;
 And with glad hymns their awful dread,
 Of thy great name express.

O come, behold the works of God,
 And then with me you'll own,
 That he to all the sons of men
 Has wond'rous mercies shown.

P S A L M

P S A L M LXVII.

TO blefs thy chofen Race,
 In Mercy, Lord, incline;
 And caufe the Brightnefs of thy Face
 On all thy Saints to fhine.

That fo thy wond'rous ways,
 May thro' the world be known;
 Whilft diftant lands their tribute pay,
 And thy falvation own.

Let differing nations join,
 To celebrate thy fame;
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine
 To praife thy glorious name.

O let them fhout and fmg,
 With joy and precious mirth,
 For thou, the righteous judge and king,
 Shalt govern all the earth.

P S A L M LXXI.

IN thee, I put my ftedfaft truft,
 Defend me, Lord, from fhame;
 Incline thine ear, and fave my foul,
 For righteous is thy name.

Be thou my ftrong abiding place,
 To which I may refort,
 Thy goodnefs 'tis that keeps me fafe;
 Thou art my rock and fort.

Thy conftant care did fafely guard,
 My tender infant days:
 Thou took'ft me from my mother's womb,
 To fmg thy conftant praife.

P S A L M LXXII.

THE mem'ry of Christ's glorious name,
Through endless years shall run;
His spotless fame shall shine as bright,
And lasting as the sun.

In him the nations of the world,
Shall be compleatly blest;
And his unbounded happiness
By ev'ry tongue confest.

Then blest be God, the mighty Lord,
The God whom Isr'el fears:
Who only wond'rous in his works,
Beyond compare appears.

P S A L M LXXXI.

TO God, our never failing strength,
With loud applauses sing;
And jointly make a chearful noise,
To Jacob's awful King.

Compose a hymn of praise, and touch
Your instruments of Joy,
Let psalteries and pleasant harps,
Your grateful skill employ.

Let trumpets at the great new moon,
Their joyful voices raise,
To celebrate th' appointed time,
The solemn day of praise.

For this a statute was of old,
Which Jacob's God decreed,
To be with pious care observ'd,
By Isr'els chosen seed.

P S A L M

P S A L M LXXXIV. PART I.

O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord,
 How lovely is the Place,
 Where thou inthron'd in Glory shew'st
 The Brightness of thy Face?

Our longing Souls faint with Desire
 To view thy blest Abode:
 My panting Heart and Flesh cry out
 For thee, the living God.

O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,
 How highly blest are they!
 Who in thy Temple always dwell,
 And there thy Praise display!

Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee
 Their sure Protection made;
 Who long to tread the sacred Paths,
 That to thy Dwelling lead!

P A R T II.

(To St. Ann's Tune, in Page 2).

O Lord, the mighty God of hosts,
 My humble suit regard,
 Thou God of Jacob, let my pray'r
 Before thy throne be heard.

For in thy Courts one single Day
 'Tis better to attend,
 Than, Lord, in any Place besides
 A thousand Days to spend.

Much rather in God's house will I
 The meanest office take,
 Than in the wealthy tents of sin,
 My pompous dwelling make.

P S A L M.

P S A L M LXXXVI. PART I.

TO my complaint, O Lord my God
 Thy gracious ear incline;
 Hear me, distressed and destitute
 Of all relief but thine.

Do thou, O God, preserve my soul,
 That does thy name adore;
 Thy servant keep, and him, whose trust
 Relies on thee, restore.

To me, who daily thee invoke,
 Thy mercy, Lord, extend;
 Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes
 On thee alone depend.

Thou, Lord, art good, not only good,
 But prompt to pardon too;
 Of plenteous mercy to all those,
 Who for thy mercy sue.

P S A L M LXXXVI. PART II.

TO my repeated humble pray'r,
 O Lord, attentive be;
 When troubled, I on thee will call,
 O hear, and answer me.

Among the gods, there's none like thee,
 O Lord, alone divine!
 To thee, as much inferior they
 As are their works to thine.

Therefore their great Creator, thee
 The nations shall adore;
 Their long misguided pray'rs and praise,
 To thy blest name restore.

P A R T

P A R T III.

TEACH me thy way, O Lord, and I
 From truth shall ne'er depart:
 In rev'rence to thy sacred name,
 Devoutly fix my heart.

Thee will I praise, O Lord, my God,
 Praise thee with heart sincere;
 And to thy everlasting name,
 Eternal trophies rear.

Thy boundless mercy shewn to me,
 Transcends my pow'r to tell;
 For thou, my Saviour, hast redeem'd
 My precious soul from hell.

P S A L M XC.

O LORD, the Saviour and defence,
 Of us thy chosen race;
 From age to age thou still hast been,
 Our sure abiding place.

Before thou brought'st the mountains forth,
 Or th' earth and world did'st frame;
 Thou always wert the mighty God,
 And ever art the same.

Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
 Of which he first was made;
 And when thou speak'st the word,—Return,
 'Tis instantly obey'd.

For in thy sight a thousand years,
 Are like a day that's past;
 Or like a watch in dead of night,
 Whose hours unminded waste.

P S A L M XCV.

P S A L M XCII.

HOW good and pleasant must it be,
To thank the Lord most high,
And with repeated hymns of praise,
His name to magnify!

With ev'ry morning's early dawn,
His goodness to relate;
And of his constant truth each night,
The glad effects repeat.

To ten-string'd instruments we'll sing,
With tuneful psalt'ries join'd;
And to the harp with solemn sound,
For sacred use design'd.

For thro' thy wond'rous works, O Lord,
Thou mak'st my heart rejoice;
The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
And shout with chearful voice.

P S A L M XCV.

O Come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favour past:
To him address in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

GLORIA PATRI.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below:
Praise him above, angelic host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

P S A L M

PSALM XCVIII.

23

PSALM XCVIII.

O SING a new song,
And sound an alarm
In Christ, who has done
Vast deeds of amaze;
With his mighty prowess,
And God's holy arm,
He has prov'd victorious
O'er wonder and praise.

The Lord has made known
His marvellous grace,
To save the whole world,
Submitting to view
His virtue and merits,
Throughout the wide space,
Of service and empire,
To Gentile and Jew.

His mercy and truth
For us he hath shewn,
Rememb'ring his oath
With Abraham his friend;
Of gospel salvation,
Good tidings have flown,
From Dan to Beersheba,
And to the world's end.

GLORIA PATRI.

BY angels in heaven,
Of ev'ry degree,
And Saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd,
To God in three Persons,
One God ever blest'd;
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.

PSALM

P S A L M XCVIII.

SING to the Lord a new-made song,
 Who wondrous things has done :
 With his right-hand and holy arm,
 The conquest he has won.

Th' Lord has thro' th' astonish'd world
 Display'd his saving might,
 And made his righteous acts appear,
 In all the heathens fight.

Of Isr'el's house his love and truth,
 Have ever mindful been ;
 Wide earth's remotest parts the pow'r
 Of Isr'el's God have seen.

Let therefore earth's inhabitants
 Their chearful voices raise ;
 And all with universal joy
 Resound their Maker's praise.

P S A L M XCIX.

JEHOVAH reigns, let therefore all
 The guilty nations quake ;
 On cherubs wings he sits enthron'd,
 Let earth's foundation shake.

On Sion's hill he keeps his court,
 His palace makes her tow'rs ;
 Yet thence his sov'reignty extends
 Supreme o'er earthly pow'rs.

Let therefore all with praise address
 His great and dreadful name !
 And with his unresisted might,
 His holiness proclaim.

P S A L M C.
SAVOY TUNE.

WITH one consent let all the earth,
To God their chearful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.
Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chuses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his court devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

For he's the Lord supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure:
His truth which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

P S A L M CII.
YORK TUNE.

WHEN I pour out my soul in pray'r,
Do thou, O Lord, attend;
To thy eternal throne of grace,
Let my sad cry ascend.

My days, just hast'ning to their end,
Are like an eve'ning shade;
My beauty does like wither'd grass,
With waning lustre fade.

But thy eternal state, O Lord,
No length of time shall waste:
The mem'ry of thy wond'rous works,
From age to age shall last.

ANGEL SONG TUNE

THOU for a moment hid'st thy face,
 The num'rus ranks of creatures mourn:
 Thou tak'st their breath, all nature's race,
 Forthwith to mother earth return.

Again thou send'st thy spirit forth,
 To inspire the mass with vital seed;
 Nature's restor'd, and parent-earth,
 Smiles on her new created breed.

Thus thro' successive ages stands,
 Firm fixt, thy providential care;
 Pleas'd with the work of thine own hands,
 Thou dost the wastes of time repair.

PSALM CV.

OXFORD TUNE

O Render thanks, and bless the Lord,
 Invoke his sacred name;
 Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
 His matchless deeds proclaim.

Sing to his praise in lofty hymns,
 His wond'rous works rehearse:
 Make them the theme of your discourse,
 And subject of your verse.

Rejoice in his almighty name,
 Alone to be ador'd;
 And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
 That humbly seek the Lord.

Seek ye the Lord; his saving strength,
 Devoutly still implore:
 And where he's ever present, seek
 His face for evermore.

PSALM

ANGEL SONG TUNE

O Render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm thro' ages past,
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise,
His tribute of immortal praise?

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray;
Who knows what's right, not only so
But always practice what they know.

Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

P S A L M CVIII.

OXFORD TUNE

O God, my heart is fully bent,
to magnify thy name;
My tongue with chearful songs of praise,
Shall celebrate thy fame.

Awake, my lute! nor thou, my harp,
Thy warbling notes delay;
Whilst I with early hymns of joy,
Prevent the dawning day.

To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell!
And to those nations sing thy praise,
That round about us dwell.

P S A L M CXI.

ISLINGTON TUNE.

PRAISE ye the Lord, our God to praise,
 My soul her utmost pow'r shall raise;
 With private friends, and in the throng
 Of saints his praise shall be my song.

His works, for greatness, tho' renown'd,
 His wond'rous works with ease are found;
 By those who seek for them aright,
 And in the pious search delight.

His works are all of matchless fame,
 And universal glory claim;
 His truth, confirm'd thro' ages past
 Shall to eternal ages last.

By precepts, he hath us enjoin'd,
 To keep his wond'rous works in mind;
 And to posterity record,
 That good and gracious is our Lord.

P S A L M CXII.

BROMPTON TUNE.

THAT man is blest who stands in awe
 Of God, and loves his sacred law:
 His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
 And with successive honours crown'd.

His house the seat of wealth shall be,
 An inexhausted treasury;
 His justice, free from all decay,
 Shall blessings to his heirs convey.

The soul that's fill'd with virtues light,
 Shines brightest in affliction's night;
 To pity the distress'd inclin'd,
 As well as just to all mankind.

P S A L M CXIII.

Y A R M O U T H T U N E.

YE saints and servants of the Lord,
 The triumphs of his name record,
 His sacred name for ever bless;
 Where'er the circling Sun displays
 His rising beams or setting rays
 Due praise to his great name address.

God, thro' the world extends his sway,
 The regions of eternal day,
 But shadows of his glory are;
 To him, whose majesty excels,
 Who made the Heav'n wherein he dwells,
 Let no created pow'r compare.

Tho' 'tis beneath his state to view,
 In highest Heav'n what Angels do,
 Yet he to Earth vouchsafes his care;
 He takes the needy from his cell,
 Advancing him in courts to dwell,
 Companion to the greatest there.

G L O R I A P A T R I.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom Heav'n's triumphant Host,
 And suffering Saints on Earth adore,
 Be glory, as in ages past,
 As now it is, and so shall last
 When time itself exists no more,

P S A L M CXV.

B U R F O R D T U N E

O Isr'el, make the Lord your trust,
 Who is your help and shield;
 Priests, Levites, trust in him alone,
 Who only help can yield.

Let all, who truly fear the Lord,
 On him they fear, rely;
 Who them in danger can defend,
 And all their wants supply.

Of us he oft has mindful been,
 And Isr'el's house will bless;
 Priests, Levites, profelytes, ev'n all,
 Who his great name confess.

On you, and on your heirs, he will,
 Increase of blessings bring;
 Thrice happy you, who fav'rites are,
 Of this Almighty King.

P S A L M CXVI.

~~W H I T T O N T U N E~~

BUT what return to him shall I,
 For all his goodness make?
 I'll praise his name, and with glad zeal,
 The cup of blessing take.

To thee I'll off'rings bring of praise,
 And whilst I bless thy name;
 The just performance of my vows,
 To all thy Saints proclaim.

They in Jerusalem shall meet,
 And in thy house shall join;
 To bless thy name with one consent,
 And mix their songs with mine.

P S A L M CXVII.

St. BARNABAS TUNE

WITH chearful notes let all the Earth,
 To Heav'n their voices raise;
 Let all, inspir'd with Godly mirth,
 Sing solemn hymns of praise.
 God's tender mercy knows no bound.
 His truth shall ne'er decay;
 Then let the willing nations round,
 Their grateful tribute pay.

G L O R I A P A T R I.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom we adore;
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

P S A L M CXVIII. (*Proper for Easter-Day.*)

H U D D E R S F I E L D T U N E

G O D, by his own resistless pow'r,
 Has endless honor won:
 The saving strength of his right-hand,
 Amazing works has done.
 That which the builders once refus'd,
 Is now the corner stone;
 This is the wond'rous work of God,
 The work of God alone.
 This Day is God's—let all the land,
 Exalt their chearful voice;
 Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,
 And make us still rejoice.

P S A L M CXIX.

B E D F O R D T U N E.

HOW blest are they, who always keep,
The pure and perfect way;
Who never from the sacred paths,
Of God's commandments stray!

How blest! who to his righteous laws,
Have still obedient been;
And have with fervent humble zeal,
His favour fought to win.

Such men their utmost caution use,
To shun each wicked deed;
But in the path which he directs,
With constant zeal proceed.

P A R T II.

S t. M A G N U S T U N E.

Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
To learn thy sacred will;
And all our diligence employ,
Thy statutes to fulfill.

O then, that thy most holy will,
Might o'er my ways preside;
And I the course of all my life,
By thy direction guide.

Then with assurance should I walk,
From all confusion free:
Convinc'd, with joy, that all my ways
With thy commands agree.

(33)

P S A L M CXXI.

WESTMINSTER NEW TUNE.

TO Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
From thence expecting aid ;
From Sion's hill and Sion's God,
Who Heav'n and Earth has made.

Then thou, my soul, in safety rest,
Thy guardian never sleeps :
His watchful care that Isr'el guards,
His saints securely keeps.

Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings.
They shall securely rest ;
Nor Sun nor Moon, their time or peace,
Shall day or night molest.

P S A L M CXXV.

St J A M E S's T U N E.

WH O place on Sion's God their trust,
Like Sion's rock shall stand ;
Like her immoveable be fixt,
By his almighty hand.

Look how the hills on ev'ry side,
Jerusalem enclose ;
So stands the Lord around his saints,
To guard them from their foes.

The wicked may afflict the just,
But ne'er too long oppress ;
Nor force him by despair to seek,
Base means for his redress .

Be good, O righteous God to those,
Who righteous deeds affect ;
The heart that innocence retains,
Let innocence protect.

P S A L M CXXX.

St. BRIDGET'S TUNE.

FROM lowest depths of woe,
 To God I sent my cry;
 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
 And graciously reply.

Should'st thou severely judge,
 Who can the trial bear?—
 But thou forgiv'st, least we despond
 And quite renounce thy fear.

My soul with patience waits
 For thee the living Lord;
 My hopes are on thy promise built,
 Thy never-failing word.
 My longing eyes look out,
 For thy enliv'ning ray;
 More duly than the morning watch,
 To spy the dawning day.

P S A L M CXXXIV.

CHARLOTTE TUNE.

BLESS God, ye servants that attend,
 Upon his solemn state;
 That in his temple, night by night,
 With humble reverence wait.
 Within his house, lift up your hands,
 And bless his holy name;
 From Sion bless thy Isr'el Lord,
 Who Heav'n and Earth did frame.

G L O R I A P A T R I.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom we adore;
 Be glory; as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

P S A L M CXXXV.

P R O P E R 8th. T U N E.

O Praise the Lord, with one consent,
And magnify his name;
Let all the servants of the Lord,
His worthy praise proclaim.

Praise him all ye, that in his house,
Attend with constant care;
With those that to his utmost courts,
With humble zeal repair.

For this our truest int'rest is,
Glad hymns of praise to sing;
And with loud songs to bless his name,
A most delightful thing.

For God his own peculiar choice,
The just and upright makes;
And all who're virtuous for his own,
Most valu'd treasure takes.

P A R T II.

That God is great, we often have,
By glad experience found,
And seen how he with wond'rous pow'r;
And majesty is crown'd.

For he with unresisted strength,
Performs his sov'reign will;
In Heav'n and Earth, and wat'ry stores,
That Earth's deep caverns fill.

PSALM CXXXVI.

P R O P E R 148th. TUNE.

TO God, the mighty Lord,
 Your joyful thanks repeat;
 To him due praise afford,
 As Good as he is Great.
 For God does prove
 Our constant Friend;
 His boundless Love shall never end.

To him, whose wond'rous Pow'r
 All other Gods obey;
 Whom earthly Kings adore,
 This grateful Homage pay.
 For God, &c.

By his almighty hand
 Amazing works are wrought;
 The Heav'n's by his command,
 Were to perfection brought.
 For God, &c.

To God the Father, Son
 And Spirit ever blest,
 Eternal three in one,
 All worship be address,
 As heretofore
 It was, is now
 And shall be so
 Forever more.

P S A L M

P S A L M CXXXVIII.

W E S T O N F A V E L T U N E.

WITH my whole heart, my God and King,
 Thy praise I will proclaim;
 Before the World with joy I'll sing,
 And bless thy holy name.

I'll worship at thy sacred seat,
 And with thy love inspir'd:
 The praises of thy truth repeat,
 O'er all thy works admir'd.

Thou graciously inclin'd'st thine ear;
 To all who to thee cry;
 And when our souls are press'd with fear
 Dost inward strength supply.

Therefore shall all thy humble saints,
 Thy name with praise pursue;
 Who by thy mercies stand convinc'd,
 That all thy works are true.

They all thy wond'rous ways, O Lord,
 With chearful songs shall bless;
 And all thy glorious acts record,
 Thy awful pow'r confess.

G L O R I A P A T R I

Glory to that blest three in one,
 The God whom we adore;
 As was and is and shall be done,
 When time shall be no more.

P S A L M CXXXIX.

R O C H F O R D T U N E.

THOU, Lord by strictest search has known
 My rising up, and sitting down :
 My secret thoughts are known to thee,
 Known long before conceiv'd by me-

Thine eye, my bed and path surveys,
 My public haunts, and private ways ;
 Thou know'st what'tis my lips would vent,
 My yet unutter'd words intent.

Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand,
 On ev'ry side I find thy hand :
 O skill, for human reach too high !
 Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !

P A R T II.

B R O M P T O N T U N E.

O could I so perfidious be,
 To think of once deserting thee !
 Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun,
 Or whether from thy presence run ?

If up to Heav'n I take my flight,
 'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light ;
 Or down to Hell's infernal plains,
 'Tis there almighty vengeance reigns.

If I the morning's wings cou'd gain,
 And fly beyond the western main ;
 Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
 And there arrest thy fugitive.

Or should I try to shun thy sight,
 Beneath the sable wings of night ;
 One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
 Would kindle darkness into day.

P S A L M CXLII.

St. A N N 's T U N E.

TO thee, O Lord, my cries ascend,
 O haste to my releife,
 And with accustom'd pity hear,
 The accents of my grief.

Instead of off'rings, let my pray'r,
 Like morning incense rise;
 My lifted hands supply the place,
 Of Ev'ning sacrifice.

From hasty language curb my tongue,
 And let a constant guard;
 Still keep the portal of my lips,
 With wary silence bar'd.

P S A L M CXLIII.

W I N D S O R T U N E.

L O R D, hear my pray'r, and to my cry,
 Thy wonted audience bend;
 In thy accustom'd faith and truth,
 A gracious answer send.

Nor at thy strict tribunal bring,
 Thy servant to be tried;
 For in thy sight, no living man,
 Can e'er be justify'd

To thee my hands in humble pray'r,
 I fervently stretch out;
 My Soul for thy refreshment thirsts,
 Like land oppress'd with drought.

Thy kindness early let me hear,
 Whose trust on thee depends;
 Teach me the way where I should go,
 My Soul to thee ascends.

P S A L M

P S A L M CXLV.

L O N D O N N E W T U N E,

TH E E I'll extoll my God and King,
 Thy endless praise proclaim;
 This tribute daily will I bring,
 And ever bless thy name.

Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great;
 And highly to be praised;
 Thy Majesty with boundless height,
 Above our knowledge rais'd.

Renown'd for mighty acts thy fame,
 To future times extends;
 From age to age, thy glorious name,
 Successively descends.

P S A L M CXLVI.

S T R O U D W A T E R T U N E.

O Praise the Lord, and thou, my Soul,
 For ever bless his name;
 His wond'rous love, while life shall last,
 My constant praise shall claim.

On Kings, the greatest Sons of Men,
 Let none for aid rely;
 They cannot save in dang'rous times,
 Nor timely help apply.

Depriv'd of breath, to dust they turn,
 And there neglected lye;
 And all their thoughts and vain designs,
 Together with them die.

Then happy he, who Jacob's God,
 For his protector takes;
 Who still with well-plac'd hope, the Lord
 His constant refuge makes.

P S A L M CXLVI. PART II.

BUREFORD TUNE.

The Lord, who made both Heav'n and Earth,
 And all that they contain;
 Will never quit his stedfast truth,
 Nor make his promise vain.

The poor oppress'd from all their wants,
 Are eas'd by his decree;
 He gives the hungry needful food,
 And sets the prisoners free.

By him the blind receives their sight,
 The weak and fall'n he rears;
 With kind regard and tender love,
 He for the righteous cares.

The strangers he preserves from harm,
 The Orphan kindly treats;
 Defends the widow, and the wiles
 Of wicked Men defeats.

P S A L M CXLVII.

St D A V I D's TUNE.

O Praise the Lord, with hymns of joy,
 And celebrate his fame;
 For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis,
 To praise his holy name.

He kindly heals the broken heart,
 And all their wounds doth close;

He tells the number of the Stars,
 Their several names he knows.

Great as the Lord, and Great his pow'r,
 His wisdom hath no bound;

The meek he raises, and throws down
 The wicked to the ground.

P S A L M CXLVIII.

P R O P E R 148th. T U N E.

YE boundless realms of joy,
 Exalt your makers fame;
 His praise your song employ,
 Above the starry frame;
 Your voices raise ye Cherubin,
 And Seraphin to sing his praise.

Thou Moon that rules the Night,
 And Sun that guid'st the Day;
 Ye glittering Stars of light,
 To him due homage pay.
 His praise declare, ye Heav'ns above,
 And Clouds that move, in liquid air.

Let them adore the Lord, and praise his holy name,
 By whose almighty word, they all from nothing
 came;
 And all shall last from changes free,
 His firm decree, stands ever fast.

G L O R I A P A T R I.

To God the Father, Son,
 And Spirit ever blest,
 Eternal three in one,
 All worship be address,
 As heretofore
 It was, is now
 And shall be so
 For evermore.

PSALM

PSALM CXLIV.
HANOVER TUNE.

O Praise ye the Lord.
Prepare your glad Voice.
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing;
In our great Creator,
Let Isr'el rejoice;
And children of Sion,
Be glad in their King.
Let them his great Name,
Extol in the dance;
With Timbrel and Harp,
His praises express;
Who always takes pleasure,
His Saints to advance;
And with his Salvation,
The humble to bless.
With glory adorn'd,
His people shall sing,
To God, who their beds,
With safety does shield;
Their mouths fill'd with praises
Of him their great King;
While fruits of thanksgiving
Their holiness yield.

G L O R I A P A T R I.

By Angels in Heav'n
Of every degree,
And Saints upon Earth,
All praise be addrest,
To God in Three persons,
One God ever-blest;
And it has been, now is,
And always shall be.

P S A L M CL.

SAVOY and HAMMERSMITH TUNES.

O Praise the Lord, in that blest place,
 From whence his goodness largely flows;
 Praise him in Heaven, where he his face,
 Unveil'd, in perfect glory shews.
 Praise him for all the mighty acts
 Which he on our behalf has done;
 His kindness this return exacts,
 With which our praise should equal run.
 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice,
 Make rocks and hills his praise resound;
 Praise him with harp's melodious noise,
 And gentle psaltry's silver sound.
 Let virgin-troops soft timbrels bring,
 And some with grateful motion dance;
 Let instruments of various strings,
 With organs join'd, his praise advance.
 Let them who joyful hymns compose,
 To cymbals set their songs of praise,
 Cymbals of common use, and those
 That loudly sound on common days.
 Let all that vital breath enjoy,
 The breath he does to them afford,
 In just returns of praise employ;—
 Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

G L O R I A P A T R I .

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 To God whom earth and heaven adore,
 Be glory, as it was of old,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

For EASTER DAY.

St. MATTHEW'S TUNE, (FIRST HYMN.)

SINCE Christ our Passover, is slain
 A sacrifice for all:
 Let all with thankful hearts agree
 To keep the festival:

Not with the leaven, as of old,
 Of sin and malice fed;
 But with unfeign'd sincerity,
 And truth's unleaven'd bread.

† Christ being rais'd by power divine,
 And rescu'd from the grave,
 Shall die no more, death shall on him
 No more dominion have:

‡ For that he dy'd, 'twas for our sins
 He once vouchsafed to die;
 But that he lives, he lives to God,
 For all eternity.

§ So count yourselves as dead to sin
 But graciously restor'd,
 And made henceforth, alive to God,
 Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 To God whom we adore,
 Be glory; as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

For

* 1 Cor. i. 7.

† Rom. vi. 9.

‡ Ver. 10.

§ Ver. 11.

For *EASTER DAY*. (*Second Hymn*)

EASTER HYMN TUNE.

- 1 **J**ESUS CHRIST is ris'n to day. *Hallelujah.*
Our triumphant Holy-day. *Hallelujah.*
Who so lately on the Cross, *Hallelujah.*
Suffered to redeem our loss. *Hallelujah.*
2 Hymns of praises let us sing,
Unto Christ our heav'nly King;
Who indur'd the Cross and Grave,
Sinners to redeem and save. *Hallelujah.*
3 But the anguish he endur'd,
Our salvation has procur'd.
Now he reigns above the sky,
Where Angels ever cry, *Hallelujah.*

For *EASTER DAY*. (*Third Hymn.*)

St. A N N ' s T U N E.

CHRISt from the dead is rais'd, and made
The first fruits of the tomb;
For, as by man came death, by man
Did resurrection come.

† For, as in *Adam*, all mankind
Did guilt and death derive;
So, by the righteousness of Christ,
Shall all be made alive.

‡ If then ye risen are with Christ,
Seek only how to get
The things that are above, where Christ
At God's right-hand is set.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory; as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

V E N I

* 1 Cor. xv. † Ver. 21. ‡ Col. iii. 1.

VENI CREATOR.

WESTONFAVEL TUNE.

COME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,
 Inspire the souls of thine,
 'Till ev'ry heart which thou hast made
 Is fill'd with grace divine.

Thou art the comforter, the gift,
 Of God, and fire of love;
 The everlasting spring of joy,
 And unctiōn from above.

Thy gifts are manifold, thou wri'st
 God's laws in each true heart:
 The promise of the Father, thou
 Dost heav'nly speech impart.
 Enlighten our dark souls 'till they
 Thy sacred love embrace;
 Assist our minds, (by nature frail,)
 With thy celestial grace.

Drive far from us the mortal foe,
 And give us peace within;
 That by thy guidance blest, we may
 Escape the snares of sin.
 Teach us the Father to confess,
 And Son, from death reviv'd;
 And with them both, The, Holy Ghost,
 Who art from both deriv'd.

With thee, O Father, therefore may,
 The Son, from death restor'd,
 And sacred comforter, one God
 Devoutly be ador'd.
 As in all ages heretofore,
 Has constantly been done,
 As now it is; and shall be so,
 When time his course has run.

HYMN

H Y M N. (*For Christmas Day.*)

Y A R M O U T H T U N E.

BETIMES, on that auspicious morn,
 When the long promis'd Christ was born;
 An Angel unto Shepherds came,
 The glorious tidings to proclaim;
 Around him heavenly splendor shone,
 Glories before them unknown.

But soon they heard his chearing voice;
 "Shepherd's, I call to you, rejoice,
 "To David's City, hast away,
 "There Christ, the Lord, is born to day;
 "Laid in a manger, there you'll find,
 "The promis'd Saviour of mankind.

Soon as the Angel made an end,
 They saw the heavenly troops descend,
 In radiant clouds, on high, they hung,
 And thus in strains Celestial sung;
 To God on high, all praise bestow,
 Peace and good will to men below.

Shall Angels sing our Saviours name,
 With loud applause his birth proclaim;
 And shall not we, with voice and heart,
 With them, in consort, join our part;
 Glory to him in praises sing,
 Who this day, did Salvation bring.

A MORNING HYMN;

(As originally wrote by the late Bishop KENN.)

A WAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
 Thy daily stage of duty run,
 Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time mispent, redeem,
 Each present day thy last esteem,
 Improve thy talent with due care,
 For the great day, thyself prepare.

In conversation be sincere,
 Keep conscience as the noon-tide clear:
 Think how all-seeing God thy ways,
 And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the light divine,
 Let thy own light to others shine,
 Reflect all-heaven's propitious rays,
 In ardent love and chearful praise.

Wake, and lift up thy self, my heart,
 And with the Angels bear thy part,
 Who all night long unwearied sing,
 High praise to the Eternal King.

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir,
 May your devotion me inspire,
 That I like you my age may spend,
 Like you, may on my God attend.

May I like you in God delight,
 Have all day long my God in sight,
 Perform like you my Makers will,
 O may I never more do ill.

Had I your wings to Heaven I'd fly,
 But God shall that defect supply,
 And my soul wing'd with warm desire,
 Shall all day long to Heaven aspire.

All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
 And hath refresh'd me whilst I slept;
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
 I may of endless light partake.

I would not wak, nor rise again,
 Ev'n Heaven itself I would disdain,
 Were't not thou there to be enjoy'd,
 And I in hymns to be employ'd.

Heav'n is, dear Lord, where e'er thou art,
 O never then from me depart:
 For to my soul, 'tis Hell to be,
 But for one moment void of thee.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
 Disperse my sins as morning dew,
 Guard my first springs of thought and will,
 And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, controul, suggest, this day,
 All I design, or do, or say,
 That all my powers with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise him all creatures here below,
 Praise him above ye heavenly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

EVENING HYMN.

ALL praise to thee, my God this night,
 For all the blessings of the light,
 Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
 Beneath thy own Almighty wings.

Forgive me Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ill that I this day have done;
 That with the world, myself and thee,
 I, e'er I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed;
 To die, that this vile body may
 Rise glorious at the awful day.

O! may my soul on thee repose,
 And may sweet sleep mine eye-lids close
 Sleep that may me more vig'rous make,
 To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
 My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
 No powers of darkness me molest.

Dull sleep of sense me to deprive,
 I am but half my time alive,
 Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are griev'd,
 To lie so long of thee bereav'd.

But tho' sleep o'er my frailty reigns,
 Let it not hold me long in chains;
 And now and then let loose my heart,
 Till it an hallelujah dart.

The faster sleep the senses binds,
 The more unfetter'd are our minds,
 O may my soul, from matter free,
 Thy loveliness unclouded see.

O when

O when shall I in endless day,
 For ever chace dark sleep away,
 And hymns with the supernal choir,
 Incessant sing and never tire !

O may my Guardian while I sleep,
 Close to my bed his vigils keep,
 Tis love angelical instil,
 Stop all the avenues of ill.

May he celestial joy rehearse,
 And thought to thought with me converse,
 Or in my stead, all the night long,
 Sing to my God a grateful song.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.
 Praise him all creatures here below,
 Praise him above ye heavenly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

GLORIA PATRI.

To the TUNE of the EASTER HYMN.

LET us to the Father sing, *Hallelujah.*
 To the Son, our glorious King, *Hallelujah.*
 To the Spirit ever blest, *Hallelujah.*
 Praise eternal be addressed, *Hallelujah.*

God the Son for sinners died.
 God the Father's satisfied;
 God the spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 Tune our souls to sing thy love, *Hallelujah.*

Hail to thee blest One in Three,
 Was, and is, and e'er shall be,
 God supreme, whom we adore,
 Now, henceforth, and evermore, *Hallelujah.*

16 JY 62

F I N I S.

